everything about you

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/24426586.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Romance, Established Relationship, Outdoor Sex, Exhibitionism, Tooth-Rotting Fluff, Timestamp
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of Perfect Match
Stats:	Published: 2020-05-29 Words: 4,483 Chapters: 1/1

everything about you

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Following directly on from the previous timestamp, "So F--king Impossible," Hannibal surprises Will with a romantic picnic at their new house.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Hey, how far away is this restaurant?” Will asked, stretching in the passenger seat and adjusting the dark purple silk tie he’d put on, along with the personally tailored grey suit a la Hannibal, due to his boyfriend’s announcement that they would be dining at a fancy new place which had recently opened up just south of the city.

They’d been on the road long enough for Will to have stolen a nap, which along with the hot shower he’d had before dressing, had him feeling restored and relaxed. It had been a long few weeks of hard work preparing for their impending move to a woodsy Virginia love nest, but the end was in sight.

Hannibal glanced over with an affectionate, soft smile. “We’re nearly there. Did you enjoy your rest?”

“Yeah I did, but really, babe, I could have driven. Your ass has got to be killing you from this afternoon...believe me, I know...you’ve given me the experience to testify to the fact.”

Hannibal watched the road but put his hand on top of his lover’s on the armrest between them.

“I confess I am feeling rather sore, but the sensation brings me the utmost satisfaction and a cascade of wonderful memories. I don’t mind it in the least, mylimasis.”

“Hmm." Will knew that feeling too, and it made him smile. "So where exactly are you taking me?” He looked out the window as the road, under a milky twilight sky, turned more rustic. “This is the way to our new house. Is the restaurant near it?”

“It is indeed,” Hannibal affirmed breezily.

Will laughed when Hannibal parked in the driveway of the pretty timber frame house with its big yard, which in back Will knew to be overgrown with wildflowers. “This *is* our new house, Hannibal.”

Hannibal looked as excited as a kid on the last day of school before summer vacation. He grinned at Will, flashing his adorable fangs, and looked about ready to rub his hands together in prideful glee.

“Babe?” Will asked curiously as Hannibal exited the car and dashingly appeared at his own door, opening it and giving a low, gentlemanly bow.

“Would you please accompany me to the garden?”

“To the...to the snarled collection of weeds we’re planning to make *into* a garden?” Will raised his eyebrows, but the enraptured look of love on Hannibal’s face made him blush as his heart skipped a beat.

In his own bespoke cinnamon-brown suit complete with -- of all things -- a maroon and white gingham shirt and a deep blue tie, Hannibal was somehow, of course, unspeakably handsome

and sexy. His longish silver-blonde hair, recently slicked with shower water, shone in the new moonlight falling over the scene.

Will slid his arm over Hannibal's and allowed himself to be drawn into the deep waters of some new fantasy, content with wherever it might lead.

"Oh, my God," Will breathed in shock when they rounded the house to what was now most definitely the beginnings of a real garden.

Someone had been back here laboring steadily and hard for what looked like a week at least. The grass was mowed, and while it was still a color lingering indecisively between yellow and green, it was a start. The tall stalks of seemingly endless wildflowers, mainly purple ironweed and lavender bee balm, had been trimmed, creating a large area of smooth grass encircled by a neatened-up crop of fragrant, natural blossoms.

But it was more than that...there was also an entire picnic set up under the cute, but previously messy-looking Japanese Maple. The winding limbs of the tree had also been trimmed carefully, so that it now reminded Will of a large bonsai, elegantly showing off its buttery-smooth purple leaves. On the grass, a large, soft-looking white blanket was spread out with an enormous picnic basket and a bucket of champagne on ice. Pretty lanterns glowed with soft golden-white light, strung from every tree branch. The house was wound with twinkle lights and the entire impression was that of a fairy tale.

"How did you ever...how did you do this?" Will asked, swallowing around a lump in his throat.

"Do you like it?" Hannibal asked eagerly. "I've been sneaking off at odd times to complete the garden work. It will still need a great deal more effort, and I know you've expressed an interest in cultivating your own choice of flowers, perhaps fruits and vegetables as well. I've chosen an ideal spot for my herbs--"

"Wait a minute." Will pressed a hand to his furrowed brow. "You're telling me that over the last few days, while I've been haranguing you about being too lazy in helping out with the move, the whole time you've *let* me do that? Even though you've actually been coming over here while I was busy or sleeping or out getting boxes, I guess--"

Hannibal nodded, slipping his hands easily into his trousers' pockets. "Indeed."

"And fixing up the yard here? You realize now I feel like a complete asshole for the way I've been nagging you."

"Well, you weren't entirely wrong. I *am* an overly methodical packer, and my devotion to this side project is a bit whimsical, as opposed to the more immediately sensible work of boxing up the Baltimore house. I can't object to your haranguing, especially since I couldn't tell you about this without ruining the surprise."

"I…" Will blinked back tears, frustrated with both of them but far more overwhelmed at the loveliness of what Hannibal had done here, all to please him. "This is our fancy night out?"

Hannibal took his hand and led him to the blanket, where they sat down and he opened the picnic basket. “Do you like it?” he repeated, procuring two champagne flutes.

Will noticed the nervous set of his jaw and realized how much Hannibal wanted him to like it, that he had asked twice in slightly insecure craving for affirmation. “I love it. Did you do all of this yourself? Even the lawn mowing?”

Hannibal smirked as he popped the cork on the champagne and decanted it into the two flutes which he had slotted into a glass-holder. “I might have led you on slightly when I intimated I was unwilling to do yard work. I may have had an ulterior motive, which was mainly watching you tend to my yard with your shirt off last week when we had that especially sweltering heat wave.”

“Well, that’s a flattering ulterior motive.” Will’s eyes twinkled as he flirted right back.

“I did have a little help from Abigail,” Hannibal admitted. “She came over here to drop off the picnic and champagne before our arrival.”

“She always was our little cupid,” Will smiled, tugging at his necktie. “By the way, there was no need for us to get so dressed up for a backyard picnic, was there?”

Hannibal mirrored Will’s motions, taking off his tie, unbuttoning his top shirt buttons to bare his neck, rolling up his sleeves and removing his shoes and socks. The heat wave had melted into a pleasantly warm, balmy evening after a few flash rain showers scattered over the week. It was, all in all, the perfect night for an outdoor dinner.

“I would do almost anything to see you in a suit which actually fits you properly and shows off your stunning figure as this one does,” Hannibal confessed. “And actually, this is a garden party.” Hannibal passed Will a flute of bubbling, crystalline liquid and added, “The first at our new home. On this occasion, the invitation is only for two.”

“You flatter me, again,” Will noted, averting his eyes because the magnitude of love pouring out from Hannibal’s gaze made him bashful, along with all the attention and pampering.

Dammit. If only I had found the right ring in time.

Will could have smacked himself upside the head for being so picky in his ongoing search for an engagement ring. What a perfect moment -- now, when he was so overcome with Hannibal's patience with his temper, Hannibal's endearing and sweet plotting of this big reveal -- the garden, the picnic...if only Will was ready to pop the question at last. But he wasn't.

****

Hannibal adored the way his indulgent gestures of affection continued to throw Will into fits of shyness, even this far into their relationship. He was pleased with the outcome of his labor in the garden and with Will’s overwhelmed and delighted reaction to his surprise.

Raising his champagne flute, he proposed a toast in a voice thick with meaning. “To all the firsts we’ll share together in this house, Will.”

“To all the firsts in *our* house,” Will agreed, meeting his eyes again and wiping tears away, slightly embarrassed. Oh, Hannibal’s sweet, angelic darling.

This was the moment. Hannibal reached into his trousers’ pocket and closed his shaking fingers around the engagement ring tucked inside.

Say it, he commanded himself, impatient at the wash of anxiety once again shocking him away from his usual confidence. *Ask for Will’s hand in marriage, this is the perfect time! What are you waiting for?*

Hannibal tried to steady himself with a deep breath. “Will--”

“Aren’t you going to drink?” Will asked, slightly confused at Hannibal’s awkward posture and lack of imbibing after their toast. His eyes flitted to Hannibal’s hand as he asked, “Do you have an itch?”

“Oh,” Hannibal said belatedly.

He was caught like a fly in a spider’s web between the beauty of Will’s Renaissance-angel features in the moonlight, the desire to move forward with the proposal, the fear of somehow ruining the proposal -- misspeaking, or perhaps having chosen the wrong moment for the question -- after all, hadn’t they argued only that very afternoon? Yes, they had quickly reconciled, but should Hannibal wait longer before posing such a heavy inquiry? Was it *im*posing to ask Will to marry him when they were tangled up in the stressful and all-encompassing process of moving? Had he still not taken a sip of champagne?

He drew his hand out of his pocket and drank the champagne. Perhaps he should wait a little longer into this evening’s meal, at least, before plunging into such a huge moment. It wasn’t that he was intimidated by proposing (he had never proposed before, and he had never expected to love anyone enough to feel the urge, but surely that wasn’t driving him mad with agitation)! Surely not!

He was the endlessly suave Dr. Hannibal Lecter and when he was ready to ask his beloved Will to share his life forever, to join their surnames and their destinies in the eyes of God and the law, he would certainly do so without hesitation or fear.

“Something on your mind, babe?” Will asked in slight concern. He stretched his legs out in front of him and rubbed his stomach as it growled.

“Nothing quite so pressing as the sound which your belly just emitted,” said Hannibal with a chuckle. “Let me prepare a plate for you.”

“Awww, Hannibal,” Will sighed as Hannibal opened the various parcels carefully chilled in the insulated basket.

Cold shrimp and cocktail sauce, followed by a gorgeous charcuterie, roasted red pepper bruschetta, dried sausages, sharp cheddar and goat's cheese, fresh baguettes, hard boiled eggs and Spanish olives. Hannibal carefully arranged each item as to color, size and texture for the most artistically pleasing effect, and when this was done, he passed the plate to Will with a small prideful smile and a nod of gratified accomplishment.

He knew that Will's favorite meals were the ones he usually prepared when they were too bone-tired from sex to bother with cooking. Then Hannibal would disappear briefly to the kitchen and make them a charcuterie of whatever he happened to have in the kitchen, fruits and cheeses and dinner leftovers which would suit well enough served cold. Will loved the small variations of Hannibal's impetuous creations, and the ritual of eating the food together caught up in the sheets and feeding each other, snuggling close into each other's warmth.

"I couldn't have asked for a better treat after all the work this week has been," Will enthused, clueless as to the fact that this meal was designed to serve as more than a reward or rite of passage to their upcoming life change.

It was supposed to be the night they became engaged, if only Hannibal could retrieve his foot from his mouth or his heart from the grip of by now undeniable terror. What if Will said no? What if…

"But sweetie," Will continued, heedless of Hannibal's inner torment, "I still feel guilty." He finished a bite of bruschetta-topped bread and licked his thumb. "About this afternoon."

Hannibal bumped their hips together. "I told you I had a fantastic time being scolded and punished by you today. Please don't feel badly about an incident which made me feel so loved."

"It's not so much that, but I was just remembering some of the things I said when I had you over the counter…" Will winced.

"Will, the mere thought of you having me over the counter is making me incapable of caring about much else."

"I said I hated you at one point," Will fretted, setting the plate aside. "That's awful. Why did I say that? I love you."

Hannibal smiled and put his own plate to one side, then faced Will and cupped his face in one hand, stroking his flushed cheek and seeking out his gaze, which was full of confused regret.

"You told me you loved me, too."

"I don't want you to think I hate that I love you."

"I have power over you," Hannibal suggested, "Over your emotions, over your life and your decisions. If I chose to, I could break your heart as easily as stepping on a twig and snapping it in two."

“Yes.” Will took a deep breath and his heart pounded hard when Hannibal rested his free hand against it. “Yes.”

“You hate me for that power. I’ve taken away your ability to protect yourself from being decimated by the potential loss of me, whether through betrayal or death. How can you help resenting someone who has in many ways destroyed your autonomy?”

Will’s own hands came up to frame Hannibal’s face, gently coasting over the soft scratchiness of his beard. “Do you hate me?”

“So much,” Hannibal smiled, inching closer on the blanket. “I despise you, in fact.”

Will laughed quietly, but something had shifted in the mood, vulnerability laced with deadly-sweet arousal. An exposure between them which could not be healed, only left open to bleed forever. He lay down and tugged Hannibal on top of him.

“I loathe you,” Will whispered, kissing Hannibal with wanton, wet, searching need until they were both breathless.

Hannibal pinned Will’s wrists by his head and looked down at him, hair falling across his forehead and pale brows lifted. “You can go to hell,” Will added, his hands going lax under Hannibal’s firm grip.

Hannibal felt the hardening in Will’s groin, pressed against his own, and quivered into another complicated smile. “Gladly, for you,” he murmured, leaning down to kiss Will’s neck, grinding expertly into his body until Will was rock hard and moaning, body wracked with tremors, face tipped up to the starlit sky but eyes closed, lashes long and dark against his pale face. The posture begged for more attention to his neck, which Hannibal bestowed with fervent greed, dragging his teeth down the length of Will’s smooth skin above his shirt collar, then sinking in for a hard bite.

“*Han*nibal,” Will said with an aching sigh, helplessly dissolving into Hannibal’s command of his body. Hannibal knew he could take what he wanted and he would, but not without driving Will so thoroughly insane with pleasure that his lover would be hard-pressed not to let out a scream.

Hannibal sucked on the bite mark and Will bore the pain of the new wound with joyful, weak sounds of bliss, shivering, fingers twitching, wrists still bound in Hannibal’s strong hold.

“Sweetheart,” Hannibal murmured, kissing across Will’s face, then sucking his bottom lip as well before drawing it out with his teeth. “I forbid you to feel badly for your hatred. I forbid you to regret hurting me. Your instincts are beautiful, perfect, and completely natural.”

“They are?” Will whispered, searching Hannibal’s eyes for an irretrievable answer as to how the intensity between them could be so consuming, so immense and inescapable.

“And so is this…” Hannibal released one of Will’s wrists, his big, clever fingers traipsing knowingly over Will’s erection through his pants.

“Fuck,” Will sputtered, “We’re...outside…” His hips began to jerk in automatic, rhythmic response to Hannibal’s gentle stroking. “What about the neighbors?”

“The neighbors aren’t all that close by.” Hannibal unbuttoned Will’s trousers and slid his hand inside, cupping Will’s throbbing, hot length over his underwear. “Part of your reason for choosing this house was the rustic seclusion it offered.”

“Jesus, Hannibal, please…” Will writhed beneath him, his free hand fumbling over Hannibal’s shirt buttons. “Too many clothes."

“On the other hand,” Hannibal smiled, sitting up to unfasten his own shirt, which he shrugged off. His eyes were animalistic and intent on Will as he elaborated huskily, “The neighbors aren’t all that far away, either. But you like knowing that, don’t you, my love?”

“Y-yes,” Will stammered, smoothing his hands up over the softness in Hannibal’s belly, awestruck by Hannibal’s understanding of his naughtiest desires.

“I’m sure you like knowing that our new neighbors, whom we haven’t even met yet, might happen to step out onto their porches or into their yards on the other side of the fence, and glance through a slat to see you on your back underneath me, being soundly fucked until you can no longer control your moans.”

Will stared at Hannibal, who simply ran one finger down the length of his torso, between his pectorals and down to his stomach, leaving Will trembling for more contact. “Yes.”

“I want you naked, raw and quaking while I take you so hard, Will, so deep. The neighbors will surely be scandalized if they should happen to witness such debauchery. How shocking, to make such a raunchy display of yourself.”

“Should I be ashamed?” Will asked, allowing Hannibal to divest him of his remaining clothes, easily moving his body to accommodate the well-accustomed movements, shimmying out of his trousers and underwear, sighing out a “Jesus, fuck” as his cock sprang free and Hannibal’s eyes fell straight to it, hungry and feral.

“No,” Hannibal declared, and he took off his pants, carefully folding them while managing to spare a thought for the precious ring in his pocket.

He returned to Will, loving the feeling of those blue eyes locked to his own thick, reddened cock. Reaching into his jacket pocket, he found the small tube of lubricant he’d packed because the two of them could never be trusted not to need it at virtually any time. After all, he would do almost anything to get Will into a suit, but far more to be the one lucky enough to get him out of it.

“You should never be ashamed of being beautiful, nor wanting to be loved and pleasured. Wanting others to see you and know not only how exquisite you are, but also who you belong to. Who is the only one allowed to touch.”

Hannibal leaned in to nose along the length of Will’s urgently erect cock in rapt fascination. The hot, musky, salty smell of Will’s arousal never failed to leave him breathless with erotic

need. He licked Will up and down as he would savor the most scrumptious delicacy, and then he enveloped Will in the slick heat of his mouth, hollowing his cheeks to keep it tight. He bobbed up and down, setting up a ruthless tempo and taking Will ever deeper, and Will's fingers fell into his hair with a sharp tug.

"Fuck," Will cried out in a high-pitched, keening sound barely muffled against his shaking fingers pressed to luscious lips: "So good, Hannibal…oh, my God, I don't care if they see...I want them to see--"

Hannibal replaced his mouth with his hand, slowly jerking Will's now saliva-lubricated cock as he licked at his perfect, lovely pink hole, making the puckered opening begin to loosen, throbbing in invitation for Hannibal to once again make it his very own. He knew his beard must be tickling and rubbing against the very sensitive skin to make this even more pleasurable, because Will had been getting ever more responsive to this particular facet of their sex life since he first grew the facial hair. Anyone overhearing Will now might think he was in pain, as broken whimpers filled the air.

Will's natural taste was so delectable, and Hannibal could never, ever help thinking of their early therapy sessions, of the times when he could admire Will's physique only in stolen glances, desperately fantasizing about getting his hands and his mouth on the man who was now his to devour anytime he wanted.

"I hope they see," Will said boldly, eyes glazed. Hannibal lived to see his boy like this, dizzy with need, insatiable. "Let them see you fucking me out in the open, so they know I'm yours."

"It would be a privilege for anyone to see you like this," Hannibal purred, rising up to claim Will's lips with a heady taste of Will's own body on his lips. "But only I can make you like this. Is that right, Will?"

"Yes, that's right," said Will as one in a trance, smiling deliriously. "I need...need you inside me now."

Hannibal worked quickly to slick his hand and his cock with the lubricant, and he went on kissing Will's mouth with languorous passion as he opened him with one finger, then two...a third to make Will cry out against his mouth, legs shaking so hard that Hannibal stroked one tenderly, cooing words of adoration in his native tongue, a sound which Will had come to treasure like a lullaby.

"You can hate me, Will," Hannibal sighed, lining himself up to Will's now slick and pleading entrance, then easing in as a wave of pleasure immediately made his heart pick up speed, sweat prickling all over his skin. Their eyes locked as Will wrapped his arms and legs tight around Hannibal and pivoted his ass up, begging to take him deeper, letting out small, soft whines that made Hannibal growl and thrust in, striking Will's prostrate and causing another long, powerful charge of euphoria to rock his own body.

"Hannibal," Will said raggedly with every stroke, "Hannibal…"

“I’ve always known your seas are tumultuous, mylimasis, as you have known mine to be dark and deep.”

Hannibal claimed Will’s lips again and fucked into him with rapturous force, making sure Will felt every inch of his girthy cock going in and out, and then he felt himself far too close to the edge all of a sudden, when he wasn’t nearly done with Will for the night.

“Turn over,” he instructed gruffly, guiding Will onto hands and knees before he drove back in and got a hand in Will’s hair, pulling it hard in time with his wild, harsh thrusting.

The two of them were lost in a cacophony of grunts and moans that seemed to somehow join with echoes in the air, ringing around them with all the times they had ever caused each other to curse and cling and drip saliva from kiss-swollen lips, to cry out with pained exultation at the way it could never, never be enough.

Hannibal’s orgasm crashed over him in marrow-deep shivers of pleasure and he spanked Will hard, pulling his cock from that tight, heavenly perfection only to jerk thick, sticky-white strands of his cum all over the smooth, irresistible curves of Will’s ass cheeks.

“Unnnfffhhhhhh,” Hannibal shuddered, beyond comprehensible language. He squeezed Will’s reddened ass and spread the cum all over it, then pumped some back into his lover’s hole, fucking into him with it, fingers scissoring relentlessly until Will convulsed in his own release, his hand coursing quickly over his cock as he exploded onto the blanket.

“Jesus, Jesus, oh fuck -- oh, God, Hannibal--” Will fell to the blanket, fingers gripping the soft fabric tightly, and Hannibal landed atop him, soothing Will with his body weight pinning him to the ground. The feeling of this, and of the gently warm summer air wafting across their naked bodies amidst the thick scent of sex and the nearby wildflowers was incomparable.

“I have you,” Hannibal sighed, “I have you, Will. It’s alright to feel everything you need to.”

“Let me see you,” Will asked after soaking up Hannibal’s weight and body heat, secure in the power of it pressing into him.

Hannibal lay on his side and faced Will, their legs tangled and fingers intertwining, soft smiles playing on their lips.

“I just need *you*,” Will murmured, snuggling closer, putting his arms around Hannibal and nuzzling into his chest. “The things you do to make me laugh and cry and come, or yell at you and punch you because I'm so unbelievably annoyed, but then I'm melting for you again before I know it. The way you scare me because of how I want you. *Everything* about you. I think that’s what it all means. Do you understand?”

Hannibal hugged him and pressed a kiss to his forehead. “Yes, dearest. I understand.”

Another realization came to Hannibal, that tonight they had both gotten what they needed, even if it hadn’t gone to his original plan. What could have been more vital than that they should satiate the lingering traces of bitterness, confusion and longing which the week of

moving had wrought on their relationship? Now they were closer than ever and right where they belonged.

In a little while, he would gently rouse Will and suggest he have a little more to eat, and then he would wrap him in the extra blankets from the car and carry him inside. They could sleep the rest of the night away in the big four-poster in the master bedroom, and the day would come, or the night, sometime soon enough, when Hannibal would find what he had been looking for: the right moment, the truly ideal time, in which to propose.

***

After they moved in and began meeting the neighbors, Hannibal and Will found themselves the recipients of some very odd looks from the residents of the houses next door to their own. Hannibal assumed that their backyard shenanigans had been overheard and perhaps even witnessed, and after the relief of realizing no one had phoned the police on account of the indecent conduct, he felt rather smugly satisfied about the fact.

End Notes

Who will find the right moment to propose first, Hannibal or Will? Watch this space...we'll get there 😉😍

Fic title from the Charli XCX song "claws."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!